

# Public Enemy Lyrics

"Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)"

(feat. Paris, Immortal Technique)

[Paris]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up  
'Fore coward-ass rap made the game corrupt  
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain  
Puttin wood on they ass can't stand the rain  
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch  
In a "No Spin Zone," fuck a scanadalous bitch  
It's the return of the (Bush Killa) back to bust  
Just us for the justice, in God we trust  
I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light  
Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life  
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles  
See us overthrow the hold of the devil control  
And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets  
I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat  
Like ants in this war dance, if one fall  
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[reggae chat interlude]

[various samples]

"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events  
and contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)  
"Welcome to the show!"

[Dan Rather] "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before"  
"We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"  
"You still may know little about" - Dan Rather  
"The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"  
"This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"  
"Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."

[D.R.] "Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government"  
"In the war", "on drugs" - D.R.  
"Which side is the C.I.A. on?"  
"We need a change! We need a change.." [x2]

"One of these motherfuckers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop  
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio  
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia  
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture  
Fuck who you askin, I'll tell you what it is  
It ain't music motherfucker it's the way that we live

Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock  
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch  
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops  
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops  
Fuck around, and I'ma start blastin they kids  
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib  
These pigs talk a lot of shit, shit, wavin the badge  
Can put it down and go the fuck home wrapped in a flag  
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies  
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me  
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb  
Urban combat, next year nigga it's on